

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Department Store

With the opening of another logging season, which promises to be a prosperous one for the EARLY BIRD, attention is invited to the fine stock and special facilities I have for handling

Loggers' Supplies and Equipments

Heavy Clothing, Boots and Shoes of Special Brands not obtainable elsewhere in town, Tools, Wire Cables, Machinery and Provisions in Wholesale and Retail quantities.

Steamboat Men, Gasoline Launches, Machinists, I have something for you that you can not afford to pass over. There's dollars in it for both of us, release from worry to you and infinite satisfaction. Anticipating your wants for the coming season, I have just received a large shipment of

KEYSTONE GREASE

Which is claimed to be the world's best lubricant. Keystone Grease is made up in various densities to cover all conditions except cylinder lubrication. I carry Nos. 1, 2 and 6. No. 6 is the only fluid grease on the market. It is designed to replace engine and general machinery oil, is also a substitute for spindle, valve and air compressor oils and oils for screw cutting purposes. No. 6 density surpasses the best lubricating oil for ring oiling and roller bearings, possesses greater ability to reduce friction than any other lubricant. Regardless of conditions it is capable of diminishing the temperature of the hottest bearing to the same degree as the room. One pound of No. 6 is guaranteed to accomplish the work of three to five gallons of lubricating oil. Write or call for particulars.

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

Local and General

White Rabbit Easter Egg Dyes
In color designs for 5 cents
The Wrangell Drug Co.

There was a young lady in Juneau, Who said to her "feller" named Bruno: "If you kiss me, of course, You'll have to use force; But then I'm the weakest, as you know, A seeker for Treadwell renown Stuck a dynamite bomb in the ground; He touched off the charge With a lighted cigar, And they picked him up all over town.

P. Haught left Sunday for Etolin Island, to trap.
Read the Little Giant gasoline engine ad. in this issue.

Alert Fire Co. No. 1 held their regular meeting last night.

H. D. Campbell is down at Lake Bay doing a lot of carpenter work.

The steamer Humboldt is due to arrive up from Seattle, Saturday.

The Electric Light Co. is busy getting in their supply of slabs for next winter.

Walter Bathe, Juneau's German tonorial artist, was down on business one day this week.

Traders and Trappers, Louis Levi pays highest prices for furs. Call at Donald Sinclair's store.

The big Great Northern liner is a total wreck on the coast of Japan not far from Yokohama.

K. J. Johansen came down from Ideal Cove in his schooner, Sunday, having a fair wind all the way.

Saturday evening is the time for that big St. Patrick's Day ball at Wrangell Hotel. Don't forget it.

Early spring flowers are beginning to thrust their heads up through the earth—and snow, too, in places.

B. M. Behrends, one of Juneau's solid business men, was a through passenger on the up trip of the Seattle.

It is reported that a number of our citizens favor the construction of a walk from Stikine Avenue, along the shore, to Front St.

Mrs. Lemieux returned on the Cottage City from an extended visit to relatives in British Columbia. She reports a very pleasant trip.

Al Osborne is stepping just a trifle higher than usual since last Saturday, the day the stork came and left that new boy at his house

Woodbridge & Lowery, the marble magnates, have sold the big freighter Hope to the Lewis & Fletcher Fishing Co., for use on the seining grounds.

The launch Anita, Capt. E. Ludecke, took a party of Clearwater miners and prospectors over to Cottonwood Island, last Friday, making the round trip in three hours.

The relief party which went out to Ham Island last week returned Saturday last with Capt. Woodbridge safe and sound. The Antelope towed the disabled steamship Hope into port at this place.

A matter of general interest is the improvement and widening of Patenaude Street. The street is to be thirty feet wide, the extra width to be made up by donation and purchase from Geo. Barnes and J. G. Grant.

L. F. Arthur came up on the Jefferson on his return from Santa Cruz, Calif., where he has been spending the winter. He says Capt. Swift will be up before a great while to get the Klawack cannery ready for business.

Miss Woods reports the following pupils perfect in attendance during the month of February: Carlisle Carlson, Louis Lemieux, Willie Taylor, Lawrence Taylor, Bella Horgheim, Amanda Horgheim and Elsie Moore.

"Isn't that Mr. Perry just the nicest man?" and similar questions are frequently heard from members of the fair sex nowadays. Cause: A fine little gasoline launch which skims along at a pretty good clip and rides the swells like a gull.

Every few days or weeks we are reminded of the ignorance prevailing in the east in regard to the climatic conditions in this country. One eastern firm writes us that the government will allow them to send nothing but letter mail to Alaska. The only thing to remove this ignorance is just such a prospectus as proposed at the last meeting of the local chamber of commerce. Scattered broadcast throughout the eastern states, such a work would do an unlimited amount of good. Eastern people must learn the fact that the climate of southeastern Alaska is milder and more even than that of Chicago and many other cities of the United States. The sooner they learn, the sooner will immigration to Alaska be on the rapid increase.

Mr. Lowery, senior member of the Ham Island marble firm, went to Ketchikan on the Cottage.

The beaming countenance of our old friend Capt. A. J. Amundson is seen on our streets, he having come up from Ketchikan Tuesday.

Marshal Grant, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Neilson, are expected on the Humboldt. Mrs. Grant is much improved in health.

Mrs. Schuler was sick for several days last week, and P. C. Jensen had charge of the culinary department at the sawmill boarding house.

With the approach of spring it is in order to begin cleaning up about your yard. While the probability of disease is small in Wrangell, there is still a possibility, and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

An unauthenticated report is going around that the Countess have sold out the business of the Mining Journal to Mr. Swineford, but will remove the outfit to Juneau, where it will be combined with the plant of the Record-Miner.

The Cottage City came in just after dark, Wednesday of last week, having left Ketchikan at 8:45 a. m. and called at Kasan. From here she went to Shakan, whither she took Manager Hunt and a crew of men who came up to put the cannery in readiness for the season's work.

The dance given for the benefit of Albert Johnson at the Wrangell Hotel last Saturday night was very well attended. Thirty-seven and a half dollars was realized, which will help quite a little toward defraying the expenses of the sufferer while at the hot springs, where he goes to be treated for an extraordinarily severe attack of rheumatism.

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COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Mayor Jensen called the town council to order at 9 o'clock last Thursday evening, and all members were present excepting Messrs. Barnes and Campbell, both of whom were out of town.

The street committee reported favorably upon the sidewalk work done by Svindseth & Johansen, and their bill was ordered paid.

The matter of widening Patenaude Street was taken up and discussed at some length. But as Mr. Barnes was absent, and the main part of the discussion was over a parcel of his lot on the front street, the matter was left over to be taken up at a special meeting which will probably be called some time during the present month.

The matter of the apportionment of the Fire Relief Fund was taken up for consideration. On motion, three fourths of the fund was appropriated for Front Street and the remaining one fourth for the other streets where damage was done to sidewalks by the fire. These apportionments will be distributed pro rata between those who have built public walk at their own expense and according to specifications.

The matter of purchasing additional fire extinguishers was brought up. The discussion which took place was in regard to the kind of extinguishers desired, some favoring the Babcocks, while others thought it best to try a new extinguisher on wheels, a cut and description of which was submitted by Mr. Gunther a week or two ago. It was finally left to the discretion of the fire wardens and the chief of the fire department, who were given carte blanche in the matter of purchase.

After allowing a number of bills, the meeting was adjourned.

REGISTRATION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the registration books of the town of Wrangell, Alaska, have been placed in my hands for the registering of voters of said town, and will be open in Patenaude's barber shop in said town from Saturday, March 2, 1907, and close at the hour of 6:00 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, April 1, 1907.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this second day of March, A. D. 1907.
C. E. WEBER,
Registrar.

NOTICE OF CAUCUS

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the citizens of the town of Wrangell, Alaska, will be held in the Council Chambers in Red Men's Hall in said town on Saturday, March 23, 1907, at the hour of 8:30 o'clock p. m. of said day for the purpose of nominating candidates for seven councilmen and two members of the Public School Board, to be voted on at the regular annual election, which takes place April 2, 1907.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this seventh day of March, 1907.
By order of the Common Council.
P. O. JENSEN,
Mayor.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election for the municipality of Wrangell, Alaska, will be held on Tuesday, April 2, 1907, for the purpose of electing seven members of the common council to serve for a term of one year and until their successors are elected and qualified, one member of the Public School Board to serve for a term of three years and until his successor is elected and qualified, and one member of the Public School Board to serve the unexpired term of Edwin Hofstad, resigned, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

The polls for said election will be opened in the Council Chamber on the second or upper floor of the Red Men's Hall building in said town at the hour of 9:00 o'clock a. m. of said day and will be closed at the hour of 7:30 o'clock p. m. of said day.

By order of the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, made this 7th day of March, A. D. 1907.
J. E. WORDEN,
Town Clerk.

FROM WOWOEDSKY

Speaking of dog-poisoners; Wrangell is not the only place where they do the cowardly work. We have an amateur poisoner right here on Wowoedsky Island, but he in his clumsy ignorance gave an overdose of strychnine to John Finsten's valuable dog, and a few days later tried to complete the job with a .22 calibre rifle. Being as poor a shot as he was a poisoner, he merely fractured the dog's skull, and three days later a kind-hearted miner risked losing his job by putting the dog out of its misery, contrary to the wishes of the criminal.

SUBSCRIBE

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

We Sell the
Dougherty Fittman
Shoe Co.'s

SHOES

The BEST of the Good Ones



Ladies' Shoes
Gent's "
Boys' "
Misses' "
Children's "

We have just received a shipment of the complete stock that ever arrived in Wrangell. Logging Shoes, Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes.

"Under One Roof, Everything to Furnish a House Complete."

BOOTS AND SHOES

HAMILTON-BROWN: Faith, Security, Easy Walker, American Gentleman, American Lady.

DOUGHERTY-FBTHIAN: Lincoln, Cavalier, Polar, Blizzard.

B. & P.: Korrek Shape.

Kingsbury and Stetson Hats

SELL ON THEIR MERITS

We Carry a Complete Line in Quilts, Blankets, Shirts and Skirts.

St. Michael Trading Company

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

WRANGELL HOTEL ARRIVALS

Following is a list of names registered at the Wrangell Hotel during the week commencing Wednesday, March 6:
E. S. Wilson, Portland.
W. P. Hones, Seattle.
Ernest Morton, Duluth.
W. A. Langille, Ketchikan.
L. J. Swartz, Lake Bay.
E. S. Wilson, "
Prof. G. H. Edson, city.
K. J. Johansen, Duckland.
E. West, Lake Bay.
E. S. Wilson, "
L. F. Arthur, Klawack.
A. K. Rastad, Wrangell.
A. J. Carlson, Ottawa.
W. A. Trinkle, Seattle.
James Weir, Jr., Seattle.

CARD OF THANKS

I desire to take this means of expressing my heartfelt appreciation to the good people of Wrangell for the free-handed contributions to the fund which will help me to regain my health.

ALBERT JOHNSON.

The McMinville, Oregon, Telephone-Register says that Frank Snyder has arrived there safely and somewhat improved in health from Ely, Nev., where for a time he was recently very low with pneumonia. This news of course relieves a number of minds here.

Do not buy an Experiment—Buy a
Little Giant
BEST BY TEST
RELIABLE
REVERSIBLE
TWO-CYCLE

Simple and easy to operate, only three moving parts, no gears, valves or springs—nothing to get out of order. Main bearings babitted. Workmanship and material of the highest order, and guaranteed. Jump spark ignition. Not heavy nor cumbersome. Modern in every detail.
SAM CUNNINGHAM, Agent
Wrangell, Alaska

ELIAS RUUD

Civil Engineer and Surveyor
U. S. Deputy Land Surveyor
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
Valentine Building JUNEAU, ALASKA

DR. HARRY C. DeVIGNE

GENERAL PRACTICE.
Calls attended day or night.
Wakfield Building, Wrangell, Alaska.

RAW FURS

L. Briefner & Sons

20 EAST 16TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

ESTABLISHED 1861

Highest Market Prices

No Commission Charged

We pay Express Charges unless value of shipment is less than \$200. We hold furs separate if requested by the shipper.

ALASKA TRAPPERS

Ship your Furs direct to us and you'll get the most cash in pocket for them. Any Alaska bank can tell you that we are one of the largest Fur Houses in America. Mr. Geo. C. L. Snyder, Publisher of this enterprising newspaper, knows all about us. Our references are in his office. Ask him. We will pay you

HIGHEST CASH PRICES
for any Furs you send us. Write us a postal today for Price Lists and Special Propositions. We want Fur Buyers. Pay Buyers most. Pay Cash the day Furs are received. We grade your Furs fairly and squarely. Have record of 20 years' square dealing with trappers.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE
Just ship your Furs to us and we'll get the most money for them quickest from us. If you have any doubts, write first. But be sure to hold your Furs until you hear from us. Any Furs—no matter what. Write today
M. SLOWAN & CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.
We refer to any bank or business house or any mercantile agency in Alaska or anywhere else.

AGENTS: LANSING, BURLING, PARIS.

In Spring and Summer

The man of business must be dressed in a neatly-made, well-fitting suit of clothes. From the 400 fabrics which I have to choose from, you can be sure of getting something to please you, and a perfect, lasting fit is guaranteed.



WALTER C. WATERS

SALES AGENT

WRANGELL, ALASKA

SENTINEL, \$2.00

FROM TRAPPER TO CONSUMER

Is one GOOD REASON why we can pay MORE FOR RAW FURS than the average fur dealer.

We Manufacture Direct for the Retail Trade

Our Retail Fur Store is located at 183 Dearborn St., the center of Chicago's Finest Retail Business. Write for Price List when you are ready to ship.

H. A. SCHOENEN

Manufactures and Dealer of

RAW FURS

130-132 Michigan St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

We pay Special Prices for Fine Furs from Canada, Alaska and Northwest Territory

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

If Mr. Carnegie is to die poor it's about time he got worried.

The Japanese ambassador advises his countrymen to woo rich American girls. More of that eastern idealism.

A \$35,000,000 railroad has been started in Bolivia and the bridges and rebates are to be designed in this country.

This talk of war with Japan is absurd. It has not been a year since Secretary Taft ate a whale with the Mikado.

That man who lost his fur-lined overcoat in the court house should cheer up. Think of all the suits that have been lost there.

The most remarkable thing about the coal famine in the Northwest is the fact that it is due to other causes than the greed of the coal trust.

Another Pittsburg heiress has been married to an English lord. But why should the rest of us worry? They are the ones who will have to suffer.

If there is such a thing as "swollen wealth" John D. Rockefeller is convinced that it isn't something that hurts, like a felon or the toothache.

The Japanese ambassador says the dream of war between his country and the United States is too ridiculous to be considered. A regular rabbit frenzy, as it were.

A man who had been supposed for forty years to be dead came around the other day to contest a will. Always trust a will to bring them to life if anything can.

Tucson, Ariz., claims to be the oldest town in the United States. Its founding antedating that of St. Augustine, Fla., by 15 years. It should have been named Toosoon.

Please note that a Philadelphia man was asphyxiated by the gasoline fumes of his automobile, and congratulate yourself on the poverty that makes you immune to such dangers.

The Czar of Russia has ordered a new war fleet. It is understood the Mikado will delay his activities in ship-building until he sees whether the Russian vessels will suit him.

Mr. Rockefeller says the nation will be in danger when the people cease to respect the courts and the laws are ignored. This teaches us that a man never gets too old to learn.

The New York bank clerk who stole \$12.98 from the institution employing him, will, no doubt, be severely punished. No self-respecting bank cares to be treated like a department store bargain counter.

It will have to be allowed that there is point as well as pungency to President Ingalls' contention that the surest and quickest way to distribute and dissipate big fortunes is to bequeath them to extravagant and silly heirs.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., thinks young men ought to marry wives who know how to handle money. Most young women know how to do this. The great trouble is that so many of them get very little to handle after they are married.

President Roosevelt saluted the Porto Ricans as "fellow citizens." They are not really that, nor under the judicial decisions are they aliens; yet they must be naturalized to become American citizens. But in spite of their anomalous position among the peoples of the earth, they are in a real sense under the American flag. Meanwhile they can take courage from the President's expressed intention to use his efforts to secure to them actual citizenship.

We are in the Philippines. Are we going to stay there? If yes, then it is time to fix for it. It is foolish always to play the ostrich. There is one way to "fix" and that is to make the salient points of the islands impregnable against any force an enemy can bring against them or any one of them and create a navy that can drive an enemy from the archipelago. A very religious general admonished his army: "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." Cromwell had little doubt that as between an army with dry powder and one with wet God would be on the side of the former. There is not much plety in that reflection, but there is an abundance of logic in it.

New light on conditions in China was shed by some recent remarks of Bishop Bashford, a missionary to that country. He said that for the last three years a million copies of the Bible have been sold annually to the Chinese; that the Bible and the book of Confucius are taught together in schools all over the empire; and an imperial decree requires the people to observe Sunday. "There has been nothing like it," said the bishop, "since Constantine adopted Christianity in Rome." He said also that China to-day is where Japan was fifteen or twenty years ago, and that the Chinese are awakening rapidly. He called them the Anglo-Saxons of the Orient, and declared that they are

tougher, rugged and more persistent than the Japanese, and are able to drive out the Japanese any time when it comes to competition in commerce or to the long struggle for the mastery.

The increased responsibilities of government which will come when aerial locomotion has been perfected have been to an extent set forth by Captain Ferber of the French army, who exports his country to diligence in provision against the perils of the future. Captain Ferber shows most conclusively that with aerial flight an easy accomplishment the energies of the government must be redoubled to protect society against the smuggler, the anarchist, the criminal, whatever his peculiar sphere of action. He explains most lucidly that an aerial patrol will be necessary to guard the frontier against those who would evade the customs duties by skimming over the tops of fortifications and other impediments along the frontier, and that the police must be provided with flying machines duly equipped with weapons of offense in order to intercept and embarrass the smugglers aforesaid. Services of an aerial police will be needed also to regulate the speed limit of travelers as well as to prevent anarchistic gentlemen in airships from sailing leisurely over a town and dropping bombs regardless of consequences. Patrols will be employed likewise to check undesirable immigration and to perform other duties heretofore connected with their calling on the earth's surface. The scene of operation will be shifted, but the duties will be practically the same. In view of these requirements it would almost appear that the benefits to be derived from mastery of the air are fairly offset by the inconveniences, for, unhappily, the criminal as well as the virtuous citizen profits by the advancement of science. And what would it avail a citizen of Chicago if, returning from the theater, he is held up 500 feet above the corner of North State and Erie streets, with the absolute certainty that the policeman is at the other end of his aerial beat or is refreshing himself elsewhere? And to patrolmen and mounted police must be added a flying constabulary, a provision which has not been noted in the new charter, but which is a foregone necessity, regardless of expense. In short, all forces of protection must be doubled, whether applied to a standing army, the customs officers, or the municipal police force. In view of Captain Ferber's warning and the unmistakable justice of his conclusions, the responsibilities of the future are not likely to reassure a timid human being. To Paul's famous list of perils, of waters, robbers, heathen, city, wilderness, etc., etc., must now be added perils of the air and the accompanying horrors recounted. Even Paul did not apparently realize how comparatively fortunate he was.

CALIFORNIA PUMPKIN VINE.



The picture illustrates a not unfamiliar sight in Southern California, where vegetation of all kinds makes a wonderful growth in a single season. This particular pumpkin vine grew along the roadside near Los Angeles and completely covered the trunk and remaining branches of a dead tree, extending to a height of about twenty feet. It was a pretty sight during the blossoming period, and later, when the golden fruit hung from the branches, it was even more beautiful.

Picks Flaws in the Story.

A thrilling narrative which was published recently by a well-known magazine told how the author was chased into a tree by a tiger and there found a python awaiting him. The tiger began to climb the tree and while the python was engaged with a parrot the author crawled along a sloping branch. When the python returned to the place where it had left the writer it found in his stead the tiger which, according to the story, was almost a full-grown mannequin. It then describes how the python seized and strangled the tiger, and after crushing its body into a pulp was in the act of swallowing it when the author, having descended the tree and regained his rifle, shot it.

The story is authenticated by the author's sworn statement, but according to Dr. Blandford of the zoological society and other eminent naturalists, tigers in the first place can not climb trees; secondly, do not exist in Ceylon; and thirdly, when immature do not attack human beings unless they are wounded. In addition, pythons, according to Dr. Gunther, are unable to swallow anything larger than a half-grown sheep.—London Express.

Too Dry.

"Don't you just love to bathe in the moonlight?" "Yes; but it isn't near so cleansing as bathing in the surf."—Houston Post.

HIS TIPTOE HABIT.

"One habit I don't get over yet," said a one time flat dweller who has now attained to the dignity of a house. "Is that of walking around on my toes. "We lived in a flat house under a family whose floors were uncarpeted and who used to walk around on those bare floors flatfooted with their heavy shoes on—tramp, tramp, all the time. Over our heads it was always thundering, and sometimes it used to drive us pretty nearly distracted. They were nice, well meaning people, all right, but they just didn't think, and we had to suffer for it.

"But it made me think that if their walking around like that over us disturbed us so, what must our walking around be to the people under us? "That led to my forming this tip-toeing habit that still clings to me. From going on tiptoe on the bare places I came to walking on tiptoe all around our flat, where we had carpets or rugs as well, and so at last I came to walk instinctively along the tiled floor of the hall without.

"Some of my folks laughed at me, but I taught them at least all to walk softly in the flat, while with me the tiptoe habit became confirmed.

"Then fortune smiled on us rather broadly and here we are, as you see us, in a house, where we could jump on the floors if we wanted to and never disturb anybody. But the tiptoe habit formed in the flat still clings to me and frequently I find myself, as you found me just now, walking around here on my toes.

"You wondered at it. I wonder at myself when I find myself walking around that way, when it comes to me that I am tiptoeing, and my folks say I make myself ridiculous and scandalize the whole family. And still I don't seem quite to get over going around so. It's the force of habit, you know; that's all.

"But I shall get over it all right in time. It's an ingrained sort of habit, but even now, and we've only been here about six months, I find the greatest sort of luxury in walking around the house freely and naturally as I would anywhere, without fear of disturbing anybody, and I'm doing that more and more all the time and it won't be long before I'll be able to stop tiptoeing altogether."—New York Sun.

GHOSTS DAMMED IN KOREA.

Runaway Spooks Who Menace the Living Restrained by Earthworks.

In this age of spooks and disembodied influences that whirl and gibber about the heads of unseeing mortals in flocks, instructive light upon the care and culture of spirits may be gained from the Koreans. These people dam up the walls of their tombs so that the spirit of the dead may not run down hill and thus become a terrible menace to the living.

A Korean chooses always for the site of a tomb some steep hillside, high above the floor of the valley, that the limps of darkness coming up through the middle of the earth may have a hard climb uphill after they reach the burial place of the deceased.

The tomb closely resembles a saucer with the cup inverted and set down in its middle. The edges of the saucer-like dike about the central circular mound are raised sometimes to the height of four or five feet and carefully turfed so as to resist the washing effect of the winter rains. Thus the spirit of the deceased, buried deep under the central mound, is effectually dammed in and mewed up by the encircling wall of earth.

If by chance during flood time the retaining wall of the tomb should give way and be carried down hill the faithful Korean son or brother of the deceased hurries out with his wooden spade and rebuilds the dam as speedily as possible. He fears lest the restless spirit within the tomb should be washed down hill with the earth and then the lives of all the living kin would be forever blighted. For nothing is so horrible in Korea as a spirit that has escaped its tomb and wanders in vengeful mood about the habitations of the living.

A Woman's Tongue Never Slips.

"Did you ever see a woman who stuttered?"

"No; now I come to think of it, I never did." "They are very rare," said the physician. "I think it is safe to say that the average person passes through life without ever meeting a stuttering woman.

"There are two reasons for this. First, woman naturally—I don't know why—is less liable to the disease of stuttering than man. Second, if she develops this disease, she sets out with the determination to cure herself, and she succeeds; whereas, careless man, rather than take the trouble of a cure, will go stammering on to the end."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Confidence.

"There's one thing about that phrenologist that I admire. He has some confidence in his ability."

"Did he show it?" "He did. He felt a couple of bumps and said I was kind-hearted and liberal. Then he charged me \$5."—Minneapolis News.

Abortive Strikes in Germany. During the first three months of the present year there were 536 strikes in the German empire. Last year there were 2,406 strikes, only 528 of which were a complete success for the strikers.

Another advantage the women have over the men is that there are no slot machines at soda fountains.

A ROSE SONG.

A little bud was I
Upon the vine, alone;
I felt the breeze go by,
Across the garden blown;
And once as morning came
A poet called my name—
A scrap of winged sky
Sang Rose, be thou mine own!

This merry heart of mine
With sudden rapture stirred;
I danced upon the vine
Until the sun was blurred;
And dancing in the dew
A crimson rose I grew,
O take me, love, for thine!
I told my poet bird.

Dear lady, on whose breast
It is my bliss to be
Another Rose's guest,
Love's lesson learn of me.
Unto your happy heart
My red lips can impart
The tender truth he pressed—
One kiss will set it free!



THE boy suddenly stopped his whistling and stared ahead. Then he called sharply to the old horse and the light wagon went clattering along the dusty highway. Presently he stopped with a quick word and a sudden pull, and leaping to the ground dashed into the ditch at the side of the road.

A light touring car had veered from the highway and two of the wheels had gone over the edge. The driver was lying in the ditch face down. He had been unseated when the car careened and thrown forward, and he had fallen heavily amid the grass and weeds that half filled the dry course of the little stream.

The boy turned him over with a strong, yet gentle effort and as he did so the man's eyes opened. He stared at the boy for a brief moment, then closed his eyes again.

"Can't be time to get up yet," he muttered.

The boy regarded him closely and ran his hand over the stranger's head. Then with a stout arm he raised him to a sitting posture and held him there.

"Here, sir," he sharply cried, "look at me."

The stranger unclosed his eyes again. Then he passed one of his hands across his forehead.

"How are you to-day?" he asked in a wavering voice.

"Pretty well," replied the boy. "And how are you?"

"I'd be all right," the stranger murmured, "if it wasn't for this wretched headache." And he stroked his forehead again.

"If you can contrive to sit up for a minute or so I'll get some water and bathe your head."

The man shook his head. Then he winced suddenly as if the shaking hurt him.

"You mustn't do that," he said to the boy. Then he added, "Where have we met before?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"It would be easy to remember," said the stranger. "If the effort didn't hurt my poor head. Ah, I have it! You are young Benjamin Franklin!"

"Am I?"

"Yes, yes, you have been walking the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under your arm. You're a fine lad."

"I'm going to get you on your feet," said the boy, "and help you over to the little pool yonder, and there you can bathe your head."

"It's much pleasanter here," said the stranger. "What have you done with the loaf of bread?"

"That's put away safely," replied the boy. "Come, now, you must help me a little."

With a fine display of strength he lifted the stranger to his feet and held him there swaying.

"No bones broken, I guess," said the boy. "Come, sir, here we go."

"Benjamin," said the stranger, "where am I?"

"I'll explain all that a little later," the boy replied.

"Very well," murmured the man. "All in good time. Whatever you say will be accepted with implicit confidence. You are both wise and honest, you know. What's that?"

"That's your automobile, sir." The stranger rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Curious delusion," he muttered. "Does it seem a little lopsided?"

"It does," the boy replied. "This way, sir."

He drew the stranger along until they came to a little pool that was formed by a spring that bubbled up from a rocky ledge. The boy seated his charge on a huge fragment of stone and then dipped his handkerchief

in the cool water and applied it to the stranger's head.

"That's good," said the man. "You are a clever boy, Benjamin. You're mopping all the cobwebs away."

"I can't mop away this lump," remarked the boy, "but I guess it's nothing more than a hard bump."

Then the stranger suddenly arose and stared at him. Then he stared at the boy.

"Got a spill, did I?" he asked.

"Yes," the boy replied.

"I remember that I sheered off the road, and I remember falling. Must have bumped my head. Did you pick me up?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Benjamin Phillips."

He moved about a little and stretched his legs and worked his arms.

"Seems to be all right," he said, "except this sore head. That your horse?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you could take me down to the village and get somebody to come up and fix the machine. I'll pay you well for your time."

The boy looked at the careened automobile.

"I think I can get that back into the road again," he said.

The stranger looked at him with half closed eyes. There was a sturdiness about the lad that pleased him, a firmness about the chin that meant determination and confidence.

"Very well," the stranger said. "I'll pay you for that, too."

The boy studied the situation deliberately. Then he brought forward a long fence rail and a number of stones. He arranged these in a pile beneath the auto and then, using the rail as a lever, he slowly and carefully raised the car and slewed it onto the highway. The stranger watched him with an unwavering gaze.

"Good," he said. "Know anything about cars?"

"Very little," replied the boy. "But I know something about machinery."

"Perhaps you can tell then what's the matter with the steering apparatus of the automobile?"

"Perhaps I can," said the boy. "Have you a wrench?"

"Under the seat," said the stranger. The boy found the wrench and crawled beneath the car. Presently he emerged.

"A joint was loose and a nut needed tightening, and there was a bent rod to straighten."

"Quite enough," said the stranger. The boy looked up.

"How's your head, sir?" he asked. The man made a grimace.

"It aches," he said. "It aches profoundly."

He was a slender man, a little above the medium in height, a man with a pale and serious face and with his thin hair touched with gray. His well-tailored suit was gray, too, and a soft gray hat lay on the grass close to the car. He picked the hat up and carefully drew it on his head.

"I think you'll feel better soon, sir," said the boy. "Your head was pretty badly bumped."

The man looked at the car.

"Will she play me any more tricks?" he said.

"I think not," the boy replied. "But there is a bolt in there that is likely to work loose, and that should be replaced before you travel much further. If you are going toward the village and will stop a moment at our gunshop I guess I can find a bolt that will be just the thing."

"Good," said the stranger as he took his seat. "I suppose I am to lead the procession."

The car moved ahead slowly, and the boy followed in the light wagon.

It was a ride of less than half a mile, and as the stranger drove the car over the single span bridge that crossed the brawling creek, the boy called to him:

"Turn to the right, sir," he said. "Here is the shop."

The stranger obeyed the direction and found himself in front of a two-story frame structure, painted a dark red and with a sign over the door, "Joseph Hammer, Gunsmith and Repair Shop," it read.

The stranger alighted and the boy joined him.

"Is this your workshop?" queried the stranger.

"Yes, sir." He laughed. "I've been working here more or less since I was a small boy." He thrust the key into the lock of the front door. "Come in, sir. The place is in my charge a good deal of the time. Joe—that's the man who owns the shop—is badly crippled by rheumatism, and unless the weather is pleasant he doesn't come over. This is our office. And back here is our workroom. Light and airy, isn't it? And pretty well stocked for a village shop. We get power when we want it from the creek there."

The gray stranger eyed the boy's eager face.

"You like tools, I fancy," he said. "They're my playthings," laughed the boy. "It was a long time before Joe would let me handle any of them. But he has been a good teacher and I've tried to profit by his lessons." He stopped suddenly. "But how is your head, sir?"

The stranger laughed.

"Very much better. I'd quite forgotten about it." He looked around at the motley collection. Then he looked back at the boy. "How old are you?" he asked.

"I'm older than I look," the boy replied. He was rummaging on a shelf for the bolt he needed, but he stopped and looked around. "I'm 19. Here's the bolt." He held it up and critically examined it. "That'll do nicely."

The stranger smiled at his expert

air and then followed him as he passed through the door and rapidly proceeded to replace the old bolt with the new one.

"There you are, sir," he said, when the job was done. "You can't shake that loose in a hurry. But I found something else that needs overhauling. There's a flaw in that front axle. Some day it will drop. Better change it for a new one the first time you go near the factory."

"Thank you, boy. I'm getting in your debt pretty deeply. How much do I owe you?"

The boy hesitated.

"Figure it all in," said the man in gray; "the Samaritan part of it and getting the car back into the road, and the general repairing—as well as the cautionary advice." And he thrust his fingers into his vet pocket.

"I'll charge you 10 cents for the bolt," said the boy. "It belongs to Joe."

The man whistled.

"How much more?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Why, no. There's nothing to charge for. I'm not a regular workman. Besides, I wouldn't think of taking advantage of a man in trouble."

The stranger's mouth twitched curiously.

"I'm glad I met you, boy. It was worth the bump. You are the first person who has done a favor for me in years without expecting to be handsomely rewarded. Here's Joe's 10 cents."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, as he took the coin. "Don't forget about the axle."

"No," said the stranger. He eyed the boy earnestly. "What's your ambition?" he asked.

The boy blushed.

"I'd like to own this shop," he answered.

"Not very profitable, is it?" the stranger asked.

"It does a pretty fair trade," said the boy, "and the business could be increased quite a good deal. It's the dull season, now, but we do more or less repairing all the year round. When I met you I was just driving back from Melrose where I'd taken a lot of repair work, mostly farm tools. That load must have netted Joe fully nine dollars."

The stranger smiled.

"Joe ought to take you in as a partner."

"He doesn't want any partner. He wants to sell out and go West where his brother lives. He's offered the shop for sale. He'd let it go for nine hundred dollars cash, and it's a great chance. I know pretty much every bit of stuff in the place and nine hundred dollars is a bargain price." He sighed heavily. "I only wish I had the money—but fifty dollars ain't a very close approach to it."

"Any danger of Joe's selling it to somebody else?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, there is. There were two men over here from Warsaw yesterday looking at the place. Joe told me they offered him \$800 for it, but he said he told them he wouldn't come down. They are coming back to-morrow to give him a final answer."

The stranger was leaning against the car.

"Haven't you ever wanted to go to the city?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," cried the boy, "many times. But I know how hard it is to find work there. And here is my chance at home until I can go there without any thoughts of where the bread and butter is to come from."

"That's sensible," said the gray stranger.

"Oh, I'll get there yet," laughed the boy. "I'm—I'm, well, I'm something of an inventor, and, of course, I'm likely to strike it rich if I keep at it." He laughed again. "That's all boasting," he went on. "I have lots of ideas, but only one of them has been turned into a model. Would you like to see it?"

"Of course I would," replied the stranger, and he followed the lad into little office.

"Here it is," said the lad, as he opened a drawer. "It's a simple little device to be attached to a gun, a device that will prevent the piece from going off suddenly. You know how many accidents happen when guns are pulled through fences, or hammers catch on boat seats and in many other ways. But if you put my little device on the gun such mishaps are quite impossible."

The stranger eyed the attachment in an interested manner.

"It looks like a good thing," he said. "Patented?"

"I'm going to apply for the patent as soon as I can afford it."

"It should be patented right away," said the stranger.

The boy closed the drawer.

"Can't do much without capital," he said.

"True," the stranger agreed. "Can't you find somebody with a little of it?" The boy shook his head.

"Not about here," he replied. "But I would like mighty well to get this safety device into the market and then manufacture 'em all here. I could easily get what help I want."

"A good idea," said the stranger.

"Where do you live?"

"Just across the creek there. You see the house beyond the trees. I live with my Uncle John."

"Any parents?"

"In order to transact business legally you would require a guardian."

The boy flushed.

"I suppose I would. But it wouldn't be for long. I am nearly 20."

There was a little silence.

"I am stopping for a few days at the sanitarium at the Melrose springs," said the stranger. "I may come this way again." Then he smiled. "Anyway, I expect to see you in New York."

"I hope so," said the boy, gravely.

"I'm quite sure of it," said the stranger. "Do you suppose Joe would give you a five-day option on this plant if you made him a reasonable cash payment?"

The boy stared.

"I'm sure he would," he answered.

The stranger stepped to the little desk in the office and wrote a few words on a slip of paper.

"That will hold him, I think," he said as he read it over. "Have him sign this when you give him this." And he drew several bank bills from his pocket

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"Paw, when there's a big banquet, why do they always have spoiled cheese to wind it up with?" "Because, my son, it makes you forget the earlier courses."—Chicago Tribune.

"Describe as nearly as you can," said the judge, "the assault the prisoner made on you." "It was just a common ordinary brick, sir," replied the defendant.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Sleep, and how much of it the average person needs, was one of the subjects considered by the British Association at its annual meeting. The scientific men were agreed that no universal rule can be laid down; but they were also agreed that Wellington's saying, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool," would place the author of it, if he had done nothing else, in the eight-hour class. An abundance of sleep for young people during the period of growth was urged with unanimous insistence, and the advice was reinforced by a letter from the head of a boys' school, where the breakfast hour had been changed from seven o'clock to eight, with an immediate improvement in the character of the work done.

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Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1520—Siege of Vienna abandoned by the Turks.

1610—First Duke of Ormonde, chief supporter of the Stuart cause in Ireland, born. Died July 21, 1688.

1622—Peace of Montpelier, ending the Huguenot wars.

1728—City of Copenhagen, Denmark, nearly destroyed by fire.

1775—Continental Congress adopted the Pine Tree Flag.

1777—Gen. Gates defeated Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga.

1779—End of siege at Savannah, Ga.

1781—Americans and British opened battle at Yorktown, Va.

1783—American Congress voted to disband the Revolutionary army on Nov. 2.

1797—Bonaparte and Austrian Emperor concluded treaty of Campo Formio.

1806—Battle of Halle.

1812—Second battle of Polotsk. French military forces abandoned Moscow.

1813—Bonaparte defeated at Leipsic.

1815—Island of Jamaica devastated by a hurricane.

1826—Last lottery sanctioned by the English government held.

1834—Old Houses of Parliament, London, burned.

1842—Grace Darling died.

1848—Mormon temple at Nauvoo, Ill., destroyed.

1856—Fatal panic at the Surrey Gardens music hall in London.

1862—The Confederate Gen. Morgan, occupied Lexington, Ky.

1863—Departments of the Cumberland and Mississippi consolidated and placed under command of Gen. Grant.

1864—Gen. Sheridan victor at battle of Cedar Creek, Va.

1871—President Grant suspended writ of habeas corpus in nine counties of South Carolina.

1874—Marriage of Gen. Frederick D. Grant and Miss Ida M. Honore.

1898—Spanish evacuation of Porto Rico officially completed.

1899—Arthur T. Hadley assumed the presidency of Yale University. Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce installed as president of Brown University. Boers defeated by the British at battle of Dundee Hill.

1901—Bi-centennial of Yale University celebrated.

1902—Lord Kitchener appointed to command the British forces in India. Typhoon on coast of Japan; 50,000 houses destroyed. Total eclipse of the moon.

1903—Creosote trotted mile in 1:59. Alaskan boundary fixed.

1904—President Roosevelt invited powers to second peace conference at The Hague. President directed Secretary Taft to go to Panama to reassure people of the pacific intentions of the United States.

1905—President Roosevelt departed from Washington on a tour of the Southern States.

RANCHES BECOME CITIES.

Fortunes Being Made in Transforming Texas Panhandle.

The western land fever which some years ago attacked Oklahoma and then shifted to Canada, is now raging violently in Texas. In the last two years practically all the big ranches in the Texas Panhandle have been bought by land companies. These have arranged with the railroads to run excursion trains from as far east as Indianapolis at half fare. Their eastern agents gather up the farmers who will come, and these are all bunched at Kansas City, Wichita or El Reno, and there westerners who know the land thoroughly and can talk a mummy into a purchase take charge.

Amarillo, Texas, is the center of the big land boom. Two years ago it was a cattle shipping point, the center of the gigantic LX ranch, with several hundred inhabitants. To-day it has 8,000, and nightly people have to sleep on the streets for lack of accommodations. The old ranch was 27 miles wide and 60 long, and was all under fence. There were 1,200 sections, or nearly 770,000 acres. The company bought the land originally for 25 cents an acre.

The land boom in the Panhandle began when the company that owned the ranch divided it up into sections and began offering it at from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a section. A fourth of the land is yet unsold, but the company has gathered in six millions for the land disposed of. Its sale value is now from \$10 to \$20 an acre. There are other big ranches in the Panhandle, out in the Big Pasture, as they call it. These are all being cut up and offered to the hungry land seekers.

There'll be a lot of dead towns in the Panhandle when the bottom drops out of this boom, as it will; but while it lasts the folks are having a good time. Men who had nothing a few years ago are rich now. Two-thirds of the business blocks are occupied by land agents.

Boston's Novel Fire Wagon.

The city of Boston has just installed in its fire-fighting service a motor-driven chemical wagon. This has the advantage of being started instantly with a single turn of a crank, and its speed will be double that of horse-drawn wagons.

OLD Favorites

Driving Home the Cows.

Out of the clover and the blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane.
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy, and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go!
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple bloom;
And now, when the cows come back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day brewed cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

TYROLESE CUSTOMS.

Peculiar Manner in Which Proposals of Marriage Are Made.

There is an old custom prevailing among the Tyrolese regarding proposals of marriage. The first time a young man pays a visit as avowed lover he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and presents it to the object of his desires.

If she accepts it the whole affair is settled. Very often the girl has not yet made up her mind, and then she will take refuge in excuses so as not to drink the wine and yet not refuse it point blank, for that is considered a gross insult, proving that she has been merely trifling with the affections of her lover.

She will, for instance, maintain that the wine "looks sour" or that wine disagrees with her or that she is afraid of getting tipsy or that the priest has forbidden her to take any—in fact, she makes use of any subterfuge that presents itself at that moment.

The purport of these excuses is that she has not come to a decision and that the wine offering is premature.

This strange custom, dating very far back—according to one account, it was known as early as the ninth century—is called "bringing the wine" and is synonymous with the act of proposing.

Shy lovers, loath to make sure of their case beforehand, find it a very happy institution. Not a word need be spoken, and the girl is spared the painful "No" of civilization.

If any of the wine is spilled or the glass or bottle broken it is considered a most unhappy omen—in fact, there is a peasant's saying for an unhappy marriage, "They have spilled the wine between them."

BRIDGE WITH THREE ENDS.

Only One in United States Connects Parts of an Ohio Town.

Right in the middle of a city in Ohio one river empties into another, and so the city is divided into three parts. It is really three towns sitting "catacomb" to each other, with the waters between them. One river is the murmuring Muskingum, hurrying along between its big echoing hills, and the other is the lazy Licking, flowing quietly between green garden banks and osier fields and overhanging trees. Both of them have mills to turn. The blue Muskingum spreads out in the sun and shines like a mirror above its mill dam and then it tumbles down with a roar as it turns the mill and hurries away over the rocks as if it were angry at being caught and put at such a task.

But the Licking spills itself smoothly into the Muskingum and sings happily at its work. So you see even the lazy

Licking does not get past here without doing some work, for the inhabitants are very industrious. Then the rivers unite their waters and make a stream deep enough to float barges full of crackery and steamboats laden with all the things they make here, down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi and away to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now, when it came to building a bridge to join that city together the wise men of the place saw that it would have to be a bridge with three ends. A queer bridge that would be, indeed, for who ever heard of a bridge with more than two ends to it? There was not such a thing in the United States. But they had to have it and so they made it. And it was the only bridge of the kind in the world except one in Switzerland that is somewhat like it. To look at it one would think that each town had started to build a bridge out to the others and all three bridges had met in the middle of the river.

Each part of the bridge had four hallways, two big ones for horses and two little ones for people walking. It had a shingled roof over all the length of it and windows in the sides, so that it was a sort of house bridge. When it rained rain could go out on the river and be out of the wet. Where the bridges came together there was a big room out in the middle of the river, with the twelve hallways opening into it. Can you imagine what a roomful of horses and wagons and people that was, with the people of three towns all crossing from hall to hall as they came and went in different directions? Everybody in the three parts of the city had to come out here whenever they went to any of the others. And so they all met in the room out in the middle of the river, no matter where they were coming from or where they were going to.—St. Nicholas.

A Faroe Reformer.

The people of the Faroe Islands cling to their old customs and see little good in change, says the author of "The Faroes and Iceland," but now and then one of them becomes a conservative reformer. Sugh was an old man of Stromo who, in his youth, had learned cabinetmaking in Copenhagen, then had been a blacksmith in New South Wales, and later a marine in the Danish navy during the Schleswig-Holstein war.

Having thus traveled far beyond the wildest dreams of his countrymen, he returned while still a comparatively young man to Stromo, and invested his savings in a home.

Conservative though he appeared to outsiders, to the islanders he was a reckless innovator. He roofed his house with slate instead of with the traditional turf, but could find none to follow his example. They shook their heads in doubt.

He argued vainly with them against the habit of throwing fish-cleavings into the brook and getting drinking water lower down. The only advice they would accept from him—and that after long hesitation—was to boll their fish outdoors instead of in the living room.

But when this terrible innovator heard from a visitor that women rode bicycles in England, he was so astonished that he asserted confidently that the world could not last much longer.

Robinson Crusoe.

The second volume of "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel De Foe, published on Aug. 20, 1879, was the first story published in England with illustrations. The illustrations consisted of a map of the world, in which the different voyages of the hero of the tale were delineated. The first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" was published in April, 1719, and became popular at once. A second edition was printed seventeen days after the first, twenty-five days later another followed, and a fourth was published on Aug. 8 of the same year. On Aug. 20 the second volume was issued under the title of "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," being the second and last part of his life and of the strange, surprising account of his travels round three parts of the globe. Written by himself. To which is added a map of the world, in which is delineated the voyage of Robinson Crusoe.

Plants that Take Pills.

A very large and sturdy orange tree was growing in a small pot. "If that tree," said the florist, "didn't take pills it would require a pot as big as a bathtub to grow in. But it takes pills like a hypochondriac."

"Chemists, agricultural experts now make plant pills, pills no bigger than chestnuts, that contain sustenance for six months, a kind of tabloid food. These chemists analyze a plant's ash, and make pills of the constituent salts. The pills, inclosed in a metal cover, are buried in the earth at the plant's roots, and the salts gradually dissolve and diffuse through the metal, giving the plants day by day the sustenance that they require."

"Pills are also applied to weak, sickly plants, which they help wonderfully."

Nests Weighing Five Tons.

The largest birds' nests are to be found in Australia. The Australian jungle fowl build for nests great mounds, fifteen feet in height and 125 or 150 feet in circumference. Grass, leaves and other vegetable matter are used in the construction of the nests, which easily weigh a ton.

The Australian brush turkeys, working in colonies, build pyramidal nests even larger. One of these nests, on being removed, filled several carts, and its total weight was five tons.

When you step up to a crowd, and the man who is talking stops, that's a sign you're not wanted there.

LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA



ST. JACOBS OIL

Penetrates to the Spot Right on the dot.
Price 25c and 50c

Sermons of the Week

The Struggle.—Though everything we struggle for is not good, everything good has to be struggled for.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Across the Sea.—Jews all over the world are turning their eyes toward Palestine, where they hope to find a home, and are all working with that in view.—Rabbi L. Zolotoff, Hebrew, Chicago.

Economy.—The economies of our intellectual and spiritual lives, like the economies represented in money, consist of little savings, care of the little things.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

Justice.—So much has been done to make religion attractive, so much has been said concerning the mercy of God that in insisting on the gospel of love, men have forgotten the gospel of justice.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pitts burg.

Suffering.—In passing through suffering there comes a splendid opportunity to know what it is to sympathize with others, and what a message of good cheer means to a heavy heart.—Rev. W. S. Swanson, United Brethren, New York City.

Reliability.—Religion should not depend on tradition. It will not do to risk eternal things on hearsay. Our religion is a religion of a book. It does not rest on unintelligible impulses and casual utterances.—Rev. R. B. Hull, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Old Age.—To men and women who have used life for the development of character and growth of the soul, old age does not betoken impotence and the cessation of all functions, but on the contrary, ushers in a season of fresh vigor and enlightenment.—Rabbi H. G. Enelow, Hebrew, Louisville.

The Rule of Nations.—Prosperity has been the rule of nations—Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome. There is in it a bacillus that tends to overstep prudence—a blunting of the sensibilities, a lessening of ideals, a treading under foot of eternal principles of right and justice.—Rev. G. B. Burns, Methodist, Philadelphia.

The Supreme Motive.—The supreme motive of the world is self-forgetfulness and love. When we see Jesus Christ die we know that God loves, and that the Infinite hath a heart, and that our heavenly Father, like our earthly mothers, doth suffer for his children.—Rev. N. M. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Nothing New.—As fast as developing civilization reaches any conclusion that seems to it new, it discovers it to be as old as Jesus of Nazareth. The statement may be new, the application of it may be novel, but the inherent and fundamental spirit of it is, without exception, His.—Rev. J. B. Clark, Presbyterian, Detroit.

Beauty.—The Book of Psalms is an art gallery. One psalm is the picture of a thunder storm, another is a quiet pastoral; another is a Rhigi view, and another is the painting of the holy city all alive with the gathered tribes of God. God knows that beauty is a power, and hence He uses it.—Rev. S. G. Gregg, Congregationalist, Boston.

The Spiritual Life.—By nature there is that within us which is alien to the kingdom of heaven. This we should overcome, for the life which is out of harmony with the laws of the spiritual world is a sinful life. No man can start in the kingdom until he has a new nature, with new powers—the spiritual life which is typified in Christ. The man who has that life will grow in power from month to month and year to year.—Rev. D. W. Montgomery, Congregationalist, Washington.

A New York woman committed suicide because her "hired girl" insisted on leaving. Yes, the woman might have done her own housework, but she evidently chose what she considered the lesser of two evils.

Every time a man commits a mean act he has what he considers a good excuse for it.

Damascus Being Modernized.

Damascus, whose pedigree is the longest of living cities, is losing its character. An enterprising Belgian company is cutting through it with an electric tramway and is sprinkling electric lights in its ancient streets. What is more, the motive power for these installations is derived from the harnessing of the river falls twenty-two miles off, so that no feature of the modern invasion is spared the place whence the Jew of Tarsus escaped in a basket over the wall. The British acting consul reports that three and a half miles of the tram line are already being laid. Meanwhile traffic on the Hejaz railway, which some day may reach Mecca, finds a convenient entrapment in the old-time emporium of the slow-moving caravan.

If wives are suspicious, who taught them to be? Before she is married, a girl will believe anyone who tells her a moving machine is an airship.

It is proposed by a Chicago woman to establish in Texas a colony which shall have 1,000 women and no men. Who will do the plumbing?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mr. Cityman—I should think you would die of ennui out here. Uncle Silas Courtassel, of Oatmealville—No, sir; chills an' fever seems to be the prevalent ailment.—Philadelphia Record.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked the discontented employer. "Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley, "I s'pose I could do mo' but I never was much of a hand for showin' off."—Washington Star.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

More than one famous American begun business life selling newspapers. That the present generation of newspapers is made of the same sort of stuff as the past generation is indicated by the action of the Newsboys' Union of Boston in raising money for a scholarship in Harvard University, to be awarded to a member of the organization. The winner of the first scholarship was announced recently, a youth of seventeen years old, who has succeeded in preparing himself for college while selling newspapers. He enters college at an age much younger than the average in the freshman class.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Teacher—Tommy, spell "through." Tommy—Shall I spell it according to precedent or President?

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late?" "Shirts, I suppose."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

All the world's a stage—but the majority of us sit in the gallery and throw things at the performers.—Kansas City World.

Imitations have been placed upon the market so closely resembling Allico's Plasters in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with Allico's, for they are not only lacking in the best elements which have made Allico's the original and only genuine porous plaster—the best external remedy known—and when purchasing plasters the only safe way is to always insist upon having Allico's.

Some of the people of Guatemala want the United States to annex that country. Recent declarations from the chief magistrate indicate that the United States is not for the present at least going into the business of annexing trouble.

S. N. U. No. 6—1907
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

How boards abuse boarding houses!

How boards abuse boarding houses!

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could not get it cured until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning, and the pus that would come from the sores. I was almost blind from the skin which was so raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

S. S. S. PURELY VEGETABLE

because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, MAR. 14, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance \$2 00
Six Months, " " 1 00
Three Months, " " 75

ADVERTISING RATES

Professional Cards, per month \$1 00
Display, per inch " " 1 00

Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion;
5 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

THE SHEARS & SAWBUCK WAY

Shears & Sawbuck kept a store such as never was before;
City folks they wouldn't sell,
Wouldn't let 'em have a smell.
Fetched their money, but, by jing,
Couldn't buy a blessed thing.
Couldn't meet 'em face to face
An' then sell 'em with good grace.

Country trade was what they sought.

Folks who paid for what they bought

'Fore they saw it, hide or tail.
They sent catalogs by mail
Out to every blessed one
Gettin' mail at Possum Run.
We set up a nights an' read
When we'd oughter been in bed.

Book was 'bout as big as sin,
With a lot of pictures in,
Had a list of merchandise,
Every kind and every size,
Givin' prices that they swore
Knocked out every country store,
Looked so good and seemed so true
I bit at it—Jim did, too.

Jim's my neighbor 'cross the way,
Best man ever worked in hay.
Just let him top off a stack,
Sheds rain like a turtle's back.
Pleasure just to see him work,
Never knew ol' Jim to shirk.
Swings a scythe like it was play,
Love to watch him in the hay.

Well, we, like a pair of fools,
Sent off—got some hayin' tools;
Jim got harness and a plow,
I, a range—I see it now.
Drat the thing, it was so light,
Used it for a torch one night,
Tuprowed the darned thing in the yard,
Use it now for tryin' lard.

'For Jim used the plow an hour
Found the blamed thing wouldn't scour;

Tried his harness, broke a tug,
Bought for solace in his jug.
In the cooler all that night,
Jim reflected on his plight.
In the morning Richard Stout,
Hardware merchant, bailed him out.

Jim said after that he'd stick
Close as bark to good ol' Dick;
Since he left the Possum jail,
Says he won't buy goods by mail,
Says Dick's cheaper anyhow,
Might have saved some on his plow.
On the other goods some more.
At his ol' friend's hardware store.

Jim says: "We can't sell no truck
To sich folks as Shears-Sawbuck,
They'll take all our cash away,
But won't buy our corn or hay."
That seemed purty strange to me,
So I told ol' Jim I'd see,
An' I wrote to them that night
Just to see if Jim was right.

Ast 'em what the'd pay for oats;
"Could they use some likely shoats;
Had about four tons of hay
I could send 'em right away;
Could I furnish Mr. Shears
With his family roastin' ears;
An' would my ol' friend, Sawbuck,
Buy some of my garden truck?"

Answer come one summer day,
Said they couldn't buy out hay;

Couldn't use our oats or shoats;
Didn't want our billy goats;
When they need truck to eat,
Bought it down on Water Street.
Sorry, but they must refuse
Anything but cash to use.

I set down an' wrote 'em then:
"Hate to trouble you again,
But I want to thank you, sirs,
For your bunch of cockle burrs."
If you love your fellow man,
Patronize him when you can.

While your merchants are asleep,
Shears and Sawbuck shear your sheep.

THAW

The very babes of the land lip this name. They know not why, perhaps, except for its everlasting iteration in the family circle, on the streets, in the stores and marts and resorts, everywhere the mother tongue is employed in the current discussion of the day. Boys and girls speak it wonderingly, some shame-facedly, all with a knowledgeable tone and tenor that is startling; the elders are busy with it unremittently and use it in a myriad ways of intimacy that bespeaks the largeness of the thing, and none fail to deprecate the danger and shame of it. The stage, the pulpit, the rostrum, the press, re ringing with it hourly, and for what?

So far as we can see through its complex horrors, it is merely given in detail to gratify the national craving for the salacious, the hunger for unusually nasty, the longing for morbid refreshment of vitiated mentality, and the excitement of seeing the daring publicity of such narrations in the prints of the land, and hearing the delicately open allusions in public gatherings, all contributory to the lowering tastes of the nation.

The murder, itself, its alleged cause, its personnel, its specific ground work, are common enough in the criminal annals of the country; hardly a day passes that does not furnish a parallel, circumscribed only by the unappealing factors that the principals are poor, obscure and beyond the purview of the general public.

The sybaritic elements of the story are, perhaps, a revelation to many, but even they are as an "off told tale" to the denizens of the metropoli of the land. The publicist of experience and research knows how common they are in all wealthy circles the world over; and their rehearsal is but a concession to the avid putridity of the popular mind. They can serve no other end, gloss the matter how ever we will. Such an examination as this, such developments as these, such evil history as this, were far better buried in the record and the grave silence of the court that must delve therein, that given broadcast to the untainted, yet impressionable, mind of the American young. It can do them no good, nor their elders, either; and it can do immeasurable harm, and probably will.

San Francisco despatched her mayor and a group of her school directors to Washington to impress the president with her irrevocable determination to deal with the Japanese issue indigenous to that particular community. Armed with every argument, assurance and phase of inviolable contention, the embassy went on to the national capital, to take the situation by storm and compel Mr. Roosevelt and his cabinet to yield them the last of their demands in the crucial premise, after which they intended to return to the Pacific metropolis and take the toll of a grateful commonwealth for duty well and boldly done. "They came, they saw and [were] conquered!" The Rooseveltian charm beset them most hamperingly; the Rooseveltian argument soon disarmed them; the Rooseveltian doctrine of placating common sense environed and subdued them to a point of complacency never dreamed of when they started from San Francisco, and now they have returned happy in having disobeyed the home-injunction and lent themselves to the larger and graver program for the common good.

The caucus for the purpose of choosing nominees to be voted on at the regular annual town election is to be held on Saturday, March 23, at 8:30 P. M. It is not only the privilege, but the duty of every voter to attend this caucus and assist in choosing the men into whose hands the administration of the town's affairs are to be placed for the ensuing year. The town is but recovering from the effects of the disaster of last year; there are a great many improvements to be made in the matter of streets; the townsite survey will probably be completed and settled up during the incumbency of the officers chosen at this meeting; it is likely something will be done toward the installation of a system of water works during the next year; fire apparatus must be bought. These and other important questions necessitates the choice of men whose integrity, business ability and loyalty to the town give them fitness for the trust. Give us a council just as good as the present one, and all will be satisfied.

It seems that the SENTINEL has been given the "blue pencil" by the advertising agents of the big mail order houses in the east. Usually about this time of year, these people "come across" with a 6-inch single, which they want "following and alongside," but the fact that we do not give "position," that we charge them double price for their space (and don't solicit their ads., at that), and that we keep up a continual protest against patronizing such concerns, has made them sore, and we have been cut off their lists. Well, we made a living long before the mail order idea was conceived as a means of hoodwinking the people, and will continue to do so. Whenever the policy of this paper comes to be dictated by such people as these mail order concerns, we will get us a tin bill and pick with the chickens. And we will buy the said tin bill from a home merchant, too.

MARTEN, MINK, LYNX, SILVER FOX
are in big demand in
NEW YORK
the world's largest consuming market
SHIP YOUR FURS TO
F. N. MONJO
18-18 E. 12th St., N. Y. City.
Packages up to 4 pounds can come by mail.

Wrangell Marble Works
Keep in stock a fine line of monuments and elab. manufactured from the best product of the
Ham Island Marble Quarry
Stones securely crated for shipping to all points in Alaska.
Lowery & Woodbridge
WRANGELL, ALASKA

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Office up stairs in Wrangell Hotel
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WRANGELL, ALASKA

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A HOME?

If you are, here are some facts which will be interesting to you: Situated 700 miles from Seattle, on the regular steamship route, is the little city of

WRANGELL ALASKA

Surrounded by natural advantages and inducements for settlers. The fare for first class passage on any steamer from Seattle is \$22. The scenery enroute is the most beautiful to be found until you reach Alaska, whose mountains, glaciers, cascades, etc., combine in forming one vast panorama of marvelous grandeur.

FINEST OF CLIMATES

The climate of southeastern Alaska ranges from zero in winter to 90 degrees above in summer, the warm Japan current keeping the temperature up in winter, and the cooling north wind tempering the heated portion of the year. Flowers, vegetable and berries grow in abundance. Wild berries in lavish profusion.

OPPORTUNITIES

Thousands of acres of fine tillable land lie waiting for the homesteader. Mining development is only in its infancy, and there are unmistakable evidences of the existence of large bodies of minerals in this immediate locality.

Great forests of spruce, hemlock, red and yellow cedar abound on all the adjacent islands and mainland, offering lucrative investment for the lumberman, while there are many fine streams from which to take water power. A good furniture factory will pay.

The fisheries of Alaska need no introduction, as the quantity and quality of their products already attract attention from the marts of the world. Upwards of a hundred trappers make this place their winter headquarters, and many thousands of dollars' worth of furs are shipped annually. Deer, bear, duck, geese, etc., abound in such numbers as to make this section a veritable paradise for sportsmen, while caribou, moose, sheep and goats attract hunters from various parts of the globe to the Cassiar hunting grounds up the Stikine River, on which the Hudson's Bay Co. operates an elegant fleet of steamers.

Two Public Schools

For further information write to any merchant who care enough for the town to advertise in their home newspaper, or to

THE SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COM'CE WRANGELL, ALASKA

SHIP YOUR
FURS
—TO—
Becker Bros. & Co.,
176-182 Michigan St., Chicago.
Headquarters for Alaska Furs.
Write for our Price Lists, Etc.

OUR BUSINESS IS TO PLEASE

WE CAN PLEASE YOU WITH
PAUL RIEGER'S FINE CALIFORNIA PERFUME

With every ounce of these fine perfumes purchased, you will get a dozen post cards, showing views of the great San Francisco disaster.

WRANGELL DRUG CO.

PATENAUDE

carries a fine line of

SMOKERS' ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

RAW FURS

WE PAY

High Prices for Fine Furs

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

Percey's Fur House

Oshkosh, - Wisconsin

Edwd. Ludecke

GENERAL REPAIRER OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Shop opposite Waters' Store
Wrangell, - Alaska

Olympic Restaurant

R. CHON, Prop.

Coffee and Doughnuts, 15c.

Coffee and Pie, 15c.

Best Bread and Pastry

Always on Hand

Drop in and see for yourself

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

A. KENYEL, Prop.

Everything strictly first-class.

Good reading room.

Charges moderate.

Well lighted by electricity.

Headquarters for mining men and commercial travelers. Leading hotel of the territory.

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ROBERT W. JENNINGS

Attorney at Law

JUNEAU, - ALASKA

Stickline Tribe No. 5 Imp. O. R. M.
Sticks Tuesday evening of each week at Rod Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Following chiefs always welcomed.
A. V. R. SNYDER, C. of B.

What There Is in It. No More. No Less

The Colorado Assaying and Refining Company, Denver, Colorado

Gold, Silver, Lead, Copper, 50c. each. A

chart of analysis of 100 minerals, worth \$1.00. Write for this paper.

At Denver, write and ship to McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO., 41 Langley St., Victoria, B. C.

WRANGELL SAWMILL

MANUFACTURERS OF

All Kinds of Spruce and Cedar Lumber; Ceiling, Flooring, Rustic, Finishing and Boat Lumber, Salmon Boxes, Etc.

Special Attention to Building and Mining Timber

This Sawmill is Prepared to Make Prompt Delivery of Lumber in Any Quantity to Any Point in Southeastern Alaska. Parties Intending to use Lumber in Quantity will do well to apply for prices before buying elsewhere

WILLSON & SYLVESTER Wrangell, Alaska

Rainier BEER

A trial and you will certify to its merits on every occasion.

Brewed in Seattle

Sold Everywhere

THE CASSIAR SALOON

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

FRANK DANDY, PROPRIETOR

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Domestic and Imported Cigars.

Rainier Beer a Specialty.

Furnished Rooms for Rent

The boys are invited to Call.

Everything New, Clean and First Class

Electric Light and Steam Heat Throughout

WRANGELL HOTEL

LYNCH & GRANT

PROPRIETORS

BAR AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Pool, Billard and Card Tables

Courteous Treatment Always Assured

BREWERY SALOON AND BILLIARD HALL

BRUNO GREIF, PROPRIETOR

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First Class House in Every Particular

WRANGELL, ALASKA

Wrangell Meat Market

C. M. COULTER, Proprietor

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game

Wholesale and Retail

SHIPPING SUPPLIED AT LOWEST RATES

"Just Weights and Fair Dealing" Shall be My Motto

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

AND DEERSKINS TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

200-212 First Avenue North

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Write for circulars

At Denver, write and ship to McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO., 41 Langley St., Victoria, B. C.

THE MINT
CARSON & DENNY